

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and the First Little Kitten."
By HOWARD E. GARIS.

UNCLE WIGGLY LONGEARS, the nice old rabbit gentleman, was asleep in his easy chair by the fire which burned brightly in his hollow stump bungalow. Mr. Longears was dreaming that he had just eaten a piece of cherry pie for lunch, and that the cherry pits were dropping on the floor with a "rat-a-tat-tat" when he suddenly awakened and heard some one knocking on the front door.

"Hal! Who is there? Come in!" cried the rabbit gentleman, hardly awake yet. Then he happened to think: "I hope it isn't the bad fox, or the skilley-scilley alligator, whom I have invited in. I might not have been so quick."

But it was none of those unpleasant creatures who had knocked on Uncle Wiggly's door. It was Mrs. Furr, the nice cat lady, and when the rabbit gentleman had let her in she looked so sad and sorrowful that he said:

"What is the matter, Mrs. Furr. Has anything happened?"

"Indeed there has, Mr. Longears," the cat lady answered. "You know my three little kittens, don't you?"

"Why, yes, I have," replied the bunny uncle. "They are Fuzzo, Muzzo and Wuzzo. I hope they are not ill?"

"No, they are not ill," said the cat lady, mewing sadly. "But they have run away, and I came to see if you would help me get them back."

"Run away? Your dear little kittens?" cried Uncle Wiggly. "You don't mean it! How did it happen?"

"Well, you know my little kittens have each a new pair of mittens," said Mrs. Furr.

"Yes, I read about that in the Mother Goose book," said the rabbit gentleman. "It must be nice to have new mittens."

"I have met Fussy Cat Mole," said Uncle Wiggly. "After she jumped over a coal and in her best petticoat burned a great hole, I helped her mend it so she could go to the party."

"I heard about that; it was very good of you," mewed Mrs. Furr. "But about my little kittens. When they took their mittens, what do you think they did?"

"Why, I suppose they went out and played in the snow," Uncle Wiggly said. "I know that is what I would have done when I was a little rabbit if I had had a new pair of mittens."

"I only wish they had done that," Mrs. Furr said. "But, instead, they went and ate some cherry pies. I got all over their new mittens, and when they saw it they became afraid. I was so sad, and they ran away. I was not home when they ate the pie and soiled their mittens, but the cat who lived next door told me."

"Now I want to know if you will try to find my three little kittens for me: Fuzzo, Wuzzo and Muzzo? I want them to come home with me."

"I'll go look for them," promised the old rabbit gentleman. So taking his red, white and blue rhinoceros crutch, he started over the field and through the woods. Mrs. Furr went back home to get supper in case her kittens with their pie-soiled mittens, should come home by themselves before Uncle Wiggly found them.

On and on went the old rabbit gentleman. He looked on all sides and through the bushes and trees for his kittens, but he saw none for quite a while. Then, all at once, he heard a mewing sound over in the bushes and he said:

"Oh, how glad I am to have you back!" cried the cat mother. "I wouldn't have been so afraid if I knew you must not be afraid any more."

"I won't," promised the first little kitten, showing her nice, clean mittens.

And then Uncle Wiggly said he would go find the other two lost baby cats. And so, if the milkman doesn't get your fish in the morning, make the puppy dog laugh when he goes to bed, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the second kitten.—Copyright 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

The Daily Novelette

On the Landing.

The north wind blows a few sulutes, there's ice upon the river, and when I think of Palm Beach suits, I shiver.

SINCE the death of Canopus Orderly, Ramshackle House had held the proud distinction of being the poorest man in the world. He rarely did anything, but when he did, it was either according to the rules of etiquette or not at all. If he was served tea, cream without the cream fork, he simply left it untouched.

As our story opens Ramshackle House is peacefully sleeping with his ankles crossed and one hand behind his head, the attitude prescribed by Hogmester's Book of Well Bred Postures.

Suddenly he was awakened by creaking sounds, as of creaks. "A burglar!" he said, his first thought, and also his second. His first two thoughts were right, and the burglar at the second landing, stopped in surprise as Ramshackle House confronted him with a leveled revolver.

"Now you march right to the looking-up command," he said. "Stop! Stop! Stop! I know whether it's polite to precede a burglar down stairs or follow him. Wait a moment and I'll look it up."

And he ran back to his room for Pistols, a commotion that would have been a great deal more than a burglar would have been able to make good his escape. However, it was just as well, and Ramshackle House, who had been unable to find a thing about burglars in any of his books, was fearfully relieved when he returned to find the fellow.

SITE IS BEING SOUGHT FOR ARIZONA FISH HATCHERY

Phoenix, Ariz., Feb. 15.—Wanted, a site for a government fish hatchery, somewhere in Arizona.

Congressman Carl Hayden recently introduced in the house of representatives a bill appropriating \$50,000 for such a hatchery. Senator Mark Smith believes that it will pass and has written state game warden G. M. Willard asking that he recommend the most suitable site.

Warden Willard believes the best site is "Oak Creek, in Coconino county, though there are certain transportation difficulties to be overcome. The waters of southern Arizona streams are too warm, he says.

The Amateur Bandits

Mr. Neely here cleverly describes another tensely exciting adventure of that intrepid aviator who won for himself the nickname of "The Devil's Darning Needle."

By HENRY M. NEELY, Author of "The Fourth Finger," "The Darning Needle Stings," etc.

(Continued from yesterday.)

TWICE on their rapid flight back to the station, they heard Warner behind them making desperate indicative of more than a moderate desire to be released and to talk.

They finished their flight, and Sayville landed as lightly as a bird. Warner was fuming with rage when they untied him. For many minutes his cramped limbs were too numb for movement, and Sayville's strong fingers followed by the rag, had paralyzed his tongue and vocal organs so that he could not speak.

Both of his captors took advantage of this enforced silence to express their opinions plainly about deserters in general and this one in particular. They laid eloquent stress upon the utter inability of attempting to escape the clutches of an avenging government, and painted, with due modesty, their own self-sacrifice in thus rescuing a misguided fellow officer from the inevitable consequences of such folly.

Several times Warner tried desperately to speak, but his voice would not come. Finally he managed to make his savage articulation.

"Oh, you blithering idiot!" he gurgled, his face purple with a paroxysm of fury. "You unmitigated—fool!—fool! I would—"

Sayville and Lardener simultaneously sprang to their feet. They stared in blank astonishment at Warner. Each other and back again to Warner.

"Not deserting?" they cried. Warner choked back a bruised and swollen Adam's apple that persisted in getting in the way of his words.

"No," he gurgled. "I was—going to Wash—n't to be mar—married."

He struggled for further speech, conquered his resistant larynx and shook his two fists at them in a fresh outburst of indignation.

"Oh, he cried, 'you ivory-domed, addle-headed, mush-headed, turtle-brained sons of a four-eyed sea-cook. You—'

Sayville's jaw dropped in impotent mental surrender. His eyes roved about like the eyes of a man seeking some way of escape.

"But—but—" he stammered. "Oakford said—I thought—"

Warner sprang to his feet again, his strength renewed. He seized Sayville by the collar and thrust him toward the station.

"Oakford took me to Edgewater Beach so that I could get an automobile to the junction," he said. "I've kept my engagement there because I couldn't stand the joshing of a lot of smart Alecks here who think they have brains enough to be funny. I was to have gone this morning on a two-month leave of absence, but there was a tangle in my final report and I had to stay and straighten it out. So Capt. Craig—"

Warner and Lardener took the morning train to Washington to complete my wedding arrangements for me. I was to take the Southern Express—as I do for duty in Washington at 8 o'clock in the morning. The wedding is—or was to be—at 11. Now you see what you have done, you—"

"You—"

Sayville groaned in a real agony of self-loathing.

"Good Lord!" he moaned, "—and not another train tonight!"

He looked accusingly at Lardener. When the army man, "Nothing passes here after the express excepted the Limited, and that don't stop between Humboldt and Washington. We couldn't catch another train tonight."

Common Sense Needed In the Home

Too Many Good and Brilliant Women Lack Judgment in Dealing With Husbands' Desire for Variety in Life, Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

IT is easy for many women to be brilliant and it is easy for others to be good. But it seems the most difficult thing in the world for a woman to be sensible.

Genius and virtue are everywhere, but we search for common sense. Woman is called a composite creature, but man is a simple composite. When a man has had the whole world catering to everything in his makeup except his love of virtue, he is not to be expected abidingly happy with nothing but that quality satisfied.

He cannot suddenly and permanently change his whole mental structure. He must, then, if you husband gives up the liberties and vices which the world allows a bachelor, but do not ask him to relinquish the courtesies and recreations which are every man's privilege.

Drive suspicion from your door and install confidence in its place. Do not rate self-esteem over confidence, and think, act, talk and live so sweetly and lovingly that rivalry is impossible.

Make the new life a holiday, a term of imprisonment. A very good woman who has no human weakness in her nature is sometimes the devil's tool to ruin a man's life. Every now and then a man marries an innocent, unworldly and "good" woman.

Few know Wise Course to Follow. He wants the sweet home life he had not in the paths of pleasure nor in the byways of license. He wants the unmercenary devotion of a loving woman and he wants to walk forth in the broad light of day, unashamed, with his wife by his side.

It is the ideal goal of every man. He wants the world approves of such marriages, and the woman feels that she is filling the highest mission of her sex in reclaiming a lost sheep.

But how few such women know the wise middle course to walk with such a man. It is all very well to listen when he tells you he is happier than he has ever been in his life before, and that his home is dearer to him than any club on earth. But it is far from well if you fall upon his neck and weep the first time he intimates that he would

we've lost our nerve."

"Where is Humboldt?" Sayville asked. "Nearly 150 miles to the south."

Sayville sprang to his feet. He thrust his hand beneath his overalls into a pocket of his own trousers and drew out his wallet. With shaking fingers he counted out all the bills it contained and handed them to Warner.

"That's for your ticket and a wedding present besides," he cried. "Jump into the machine, quick. I'll fly you to Humboldt."

Two weeks later, Lardener and Sayville carefully looked themselves in the older man's room, thrust their unopened letters into their pockets, and with white faces and anxious eyes, spread out their newspapers to read the progress of the search for the two desperate bandits who had held up the Southern Express and kidnapped a passenger whose identity had not yet been learned. Rewards totaling \$5000 were offered for the desperadoes, dead or alive.

"Nothing yet," said Sayville. "They've released those two chauffeurs. I'm glad. I don't believe they did it."

"No," Lardener agreed. "The authorities are still away off the track." Sayville drew out his letters. As he read one, he gave a gasp and handed it to Lardener. It was only a short note, hastily scribbled on a steamer's paper: "Dear Deadwood Dicks:—"

I see they are offering rewards of \$5000. That will just start us nicely in our housekeeping when we get back.

P. S.—I have told my wife all about it. She says she wants to meet you chaps and thank you when she returns—though for the life of me, I can't see why.

The end.

More Truth Than Poetry

Constitutional Rights. New York Police Require Taxi Drivers to Report All Robberies. Headline. Excepting, of course, such reports as might tend to incriminate or degrade them.

The Only Convincing Argument. The militiamen all have abandoned the continental army isn't in existence. Now ask, if you need to, why congress favors the militia?

All Worlds Are Alike. Professor Lowell's discovery of great quantities of ice on Mars seems to indicate that Mars also has its Fairbanks boom.

And Save the Country Money. Mr. Wilson isn't much worried about the resignation of cabinet officers. Col. House will be back soon, and then he can get along once more without any cabinet.

Not Much of a Choice. Recruiting in England continues to be slow. Unmarried men cannot make up their minds whether to go to the altar or the trenches.

pation, do not insist that he must let the cigar go. He has abandoned the gaming table, do not say that he must give up the social game of cards as well to make you happy. If he has stopped all flirtatious relations with the opposite sex, do not ask him to relinquish all friendly associations with other women.

If he has come up out of a lower plane to your attitude, do not ask him to stand forever on a pedestal. Let him walk upon the earth among mortals and be satisfied.

In order to think him a good man, do not ask him to be an angel.

Wholeness, normal, sensible human beings are what we all need to be while on earth, not disembodied spirits.—Copyright, 1916, Star Company.

If you want smoke buy cigars, if you want the most for your money buy our coal. R. C. Semple, successor to Southwestern Fuel Co. Phone 311.—Adv.

Prepared in the good old fashioned way—flavorful, "Deliciously Different," you are sure to like Sulzberger's Mastic Hams and Bacon.—Adv.



No matter how modest your home you can afford electric lighting with EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

"Yours for Service,"

El Paso Electric Railway Co.

Electric Bldg. Phone 2323.

—before you buy another pound of rice—

—heed this fact. Most rice used in the United States is coated with glucose and talc. The proof lies in the fact that it must be thoroughly washed before using. It's different with

Comet Rice

Unkoted

no glucose—no talc

Nothing is put on, so there's nothing to wash off. Comes to you in a neat, clean carton—its contents untouched by human hands. Have your grocer send you a package—try one of the recipes printed on it—or try it in your own favorite way. We won't find it necessary to urge you to buy your second package. Tear out this advertisement now, and put it in your purse to remind you.

Something new! Comet Natural Brown (unpolished) Rice. Ask your grocer.

SEABOARD RICE MILLING CO. GALVESTON, TEXAS



GILA RIVER AT FLORENCE IS GOING BACK TO OLD CHANNEL

Phoenix, Ariz., Feb. 15.—Traffic over the Gila bridge at Florence, will be resumed in about two weeks, according to state engineer Lumsden Cobb.

Workmen are already building rip-rap work to deflect the Gila back under the bridge. As soon as possible another crew will begin building a temporary approach across the 900-foot channel the Gila has washed south of the bridge. It is possible that several new spans will be added to the bridge later.

FALL BILL PROPOSES LAND GRANT OF 27,000,000 ACRES

Santa Fe, N. M., Feb. 15.—Copies of the senate bill introduced by senator Albert B. Fall, donating the 27,000,000 acres of public lands to the state, were received today by the state chamber of commerce.

The land grant is to pay off the construction of the Elephant Butte and other irrigation works and, under the provisions of the bill, a cattleman or sheepman can acquire 5120 acres of the public domain.

YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

If cross, feverish or bilious give "California Syrup of Figs."

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, balky, sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look. Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that it's little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and your little has a well, playful child again.

Mother can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little ones' liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they thereby lose its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children and adults are given on each bottle. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then see that it is manufactured by the "California Fig Syrup Company."—Advertisement.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Get a 25-cent bottle of Dandruffine at any drug store, pour a little into your hand and rub it over the scalp with the finger tips. By morning most, if not all, of this awful scurf will have disappeared. Two or three applications will destroy every bit of dandruff; stop scalp itching and falling hair.—Adv.

Says Dyspeptics Need More Magnesia

Take A Little Bismarck Magnesia In Hot Water Night After Eating And Enjoy Big Meals In Comfort Without Distress.

If people who suffer more or less constantly after meals with acid indigestion or dyspepsia, sourness, gas, bloating, etc., would make a practice of taking a teaspoonful of Bismarck Magnesia in a quarter glass of hot water right after eating they would find that it would put an end to all fear of stomach trouble. For Bismarck Magnesia mingles with the digesting food and stomach juices promptly and effectively sweetens all excess acid, prevents fermentation and souring of food and insures a normal and painless digestion that possibly you have not experienced before in years. Get a few ounces of the pure Bismarck Magnesia from the nearest drug store and try it and see. It is harmless to the stomach and inexpensive. For stomach purposes be sure to get Bismarck Magnesia rather than Magnesia in other forms as this is specially prepared for neutralizing stomach acidity.—Adv.

TRY HERALD WANT ADS

IN SIXTY-NINE FIERCE BATTLES

Served Throughout the Civil War under Gen. Sherman; Relates True Story

The manufacturers of Plant Juice, the new herbal system, have introduced here a sensational remedy by novel means in that they are only using voluntary testimonials from people of integrity and standing, so that the public cannot be deceived.

For instance, the case of Mr. E. F. E. De Grove, of Cleveland, Ohio, (Civil War veteran, having fought in 69 battles under General Sherman, and was wounded four different times, made the following statement recently:

"For quite a number of years I have suffered with stomach and kidney trouble. My food would ferment in my stomach, causing gases to form and I was always more or less bloated. I was also chronically constipated, nervous and restless and could not sleep at night. I had despaired and taken a great many remedies for my troubles but nothing seemed to help me. I had heard some of my friends talking about Plant Juice and I thought I would try a bottle. I can now truthfully state for publication that since taking Plant Juice I have had a different and pleasant life. I can eat anything I desire and it never distresses me. It has a decided effect on my kidneys and I do not have any pains now in my back at all. I am not at all nervous and restless and sleep fine at night. In fact, my general health has greatly improved. I am grateful for my recovery to health, and give all due praise to Plant Juice."

Plant Juice is sold in El Paso at Kelly & Follard's Drug Store.—Adv.

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Silver Leaf Pure Lard (in bulk), per lb. 15c

Brisket Stew, 2 lbs. for 25c

HOME DRESSED HENS AND TURKEYS.

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FRESH RANCH EGGS—per dozen 30c

EVERY ONE GUARANTEED.

16 lbs. Sugar, \$1.00
10 lbs. Colo. Potatoes, 25c
8 bars Lenox Soap, 25c
Lake View Creamery Butter, 1 lb. for 10c
1 lb. can Snowdrift, \$1.25

Prompt Delivery Service. PHONES 1571-1572. 408-410 WYOMING ST.

SCHOOL DAYS

HEY DOUB-BLE! LOOKY AT ME!

IT SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT

POST NO BILLS—IF THEY WANT TO BE POSTED LET 'EM STUDY

POST LET 'ER FACE GET OR I'LL HAICH

1874

KIKAPOO

1874

1874

1874

1874

1874

1874

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1874

SCHOOL DAYS

CHEER UP, FLOSSY! IF WE FALL I'LL TAKE ALL THE BLAME!

W'HOOP LA!

THE BOLD TRUTH

AM I SEEING IT ALL!

THE BOLD TRUTH

THE BOLD TRUTH

THE BOLD TRUTH

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SCHOOL DAYS

LISSINI FAR BE IT FROM ME TO HAND NO CHESTNUT—BURR COMPLIMENTS TO NOBODY WITH A TENDER EAR, NOR INSURE NO INVENIO APPERTHING TO WHOMSOEVER TO WHOM. BUT, BELIEVE ME, I'M RIGHT THERE WITH THE JOLLY SLEIGH BELLS WHEN I'M TAKEN SOMETHING CAT BROGT IN.

THE BOLD TRUTH

THE BOLD TRUTH

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